

"THE RETURN OF DODO," by the author of "DODO," will be published in Leslie's Weekly of November 14th.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—XXI.



Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.

LITTLE BILLY BRYAN AND THE TANTALIZING BEE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Story by the Author of "Dodo."

In our issue of November 14th we will publish in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* "THE RETURN OF DODO," a story by E. F. Benson, the author of "DODO," which was received with such universal favor by the reading public. The new story has all the sparkle and dash of the book whose heroine it brings back to English life and society, there to renew her dazzling triumphs, and will be read with wide and eager interest.

A Final Word.

THE most serious feature of the Chicago platform and policy is not that it proposes to debase our currency, although that would tend to the dislocation of all the relations of labor and capital, to the destruction of confidence, and to overwhelming financial disaster; but it lies in the menace which it embodies to institutional forms and the established order under which, as a nation, we have become great and prosperous. It is denied, indeed, by Mr. Bryan and his followers that the propositions of this platform in reference to the enforcement of the law in certain contingencies, and in reference also to the decisions and authority of the courts, contemplate any wholesale surrender to the anarchic forces of our society. But every proposition is to be judged, as every candidate must be judged, by its environment, and by the influences out of which it has grown. The basic element of the free-silver party to-day is the old Populist party, which for years has been preaching the gospel of discontent and proposing methods of revolution as to administration and legislation. The Democratic party has been absorbed, literally, so much of it as was capable of mastication, by the Populists. These men made the platform at St. Louis, they dictated the nominations, they are directing the campaign to-day in behalf of Mr. Bryan, and we are to measure the meaning of the St. Louis platform by the attitude which these men hold as to the questions which are in debate before the American people. This attitude is one of avowed hostility to the traditional policy of the nation as regards the enforcement of law, the maintenance of the dignity of the courts, and the protection of the accumulations of individuals against hostile assault. Space need not be used to emphasize or to prove this fact. When we come to study closely the constituency of this party we find that it is made up largely of those who have little stake in the welfare of the community, who believe that they should get something for nothing, who are envious of the thrifty and the prosperous, and who maintain that the Almighty, in ordaining that there should be rich and poor, made a mistake which must be rectified by decree of a partisan caucus, or by legislation of some complacent Congress. Just look at the attitude which the Bryan Democracy of New York occupy, judging them by the recent address of their executive committee. There has scarcely ever been a more direct appeal to the passions and cupidity of the irresponsible classes than is made in this most remarkable address. It is an attack, all the way through, upon property; it arraigns our insurance companies, our banks, our telegraph and railway corporations, and other corporate interests, on the shallow pretense that somehow or other they are exerting an undue and an unnatural influence in business affairs, and are seeking to oppress and destroy the poor. It is unqualifiedly agrarian in its tone.

Now, consider that we have in this State property which amounts to over four billions of dollars; we have in our savings banks millions upon millions of deposits, representing the savings of the so-called poor; and there are other forms of accumulation which are summed up in this great aggregate which belong to our working-people, to professional men and women, who have laid away money against a rainy day. This vast property interest, this great multitude who by their thrift and economy have amassed these small accumulations, are held up by this Bryan executive committee as public enemies, as seeking to possess themselves of some unfair advantage, as wishing to put their heels upon the necks of their less fortunate fellows; and the argument is insidiously addressed to the unthinking, that it will be a legitimate thing to turn this government over to those who will, in some way or other, strangle and destroy the prosperity which is represented in this accumulation of values. It goes without saying that talk of this kind is full of danger, and yet, it is precisely by this style of appeal that the Popocratic party is seeking to make its way and to achieve success in this contest.

It is not, however, because the platform as laid down at Chicago is essentially revolutionary that the business men of this country must naturally antagonize it. We are a little apt to forget that the supreme values are not the material values; that, after all, it is the moral forces which count most largely in the life and career of any people—

integrity of character, conscientiousness of purpose, loyalty to the principles and obligations of national honor—these are the masterful forces, as they are also the invulnerable bulwarks of national greatness and prosperity. We do not find in the Popocratic campaign leaders any evidence of an appreciation of these elements. They deliberately propose to sacrifice the national honor and to repudiate the national obligations. Their candidate unhesitatingly avows that it would be an act of virtue for every debtor to cheat his creditor to the extent of fifty cents on every dollar in the payment of obligations assumed upon the basis of sound-money values. He unhesitatingly avows that it would be perfectly fair and just to pay our foreign creditors in a depreciated currency.

What would happen if the people of this country should give their sanction to a doctrine so pernicious? Instantly there would be a practical destruction of American credit; we would become the objects of universal opprobrium and scorn—in a word, we would become the Ishmaelites of the commercial and financial world. It is not merely in this respect, however, that the policy of this Popocratic party is pernicious. We have international interests. We have been wont to hold American citizenship as something of priceless value. We have held that the American citizen, wherever found, was entitled to the protection of the American flag and to the enjoyment of all immunities and rights which are not inconsistent with international obligation and duty. We are concerned, and ought to be concerned, as a people, that the national honor abroad and the rights of American citizens everywhere should be protected. But what assurance have we that the honor of the country abroad would be protected, when it is distinctly avowed as part of the Popocratic platform that the national honor at home shall be deliberately sacrificed? The time may come at no distant day when it will be essential to the preservation of our self-respect that the supremacy of the American flag as regards American subjects shall be asserted in a foreign quarter. We read every day of outrages perpetrated upon Americans in Cuba and in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey. Only last week a cable dispatch informed us that at one point, where an assault was made upon certain American missionaries, the American flag which waved over their house was pulled down, torn to shreds, and trampled under foot. What would Mr. Bryan do, in the event of his election, for the vindication of the national honor in a case like that? Of course he would do nothing at all. A President who holds to the theory that there is no power in the government to enforce the laws against riotous disturbers of the peace who dare to lay their clutch upon the commerce of the country and arrest the transportation of the mails would not be quick to assert the authority of the government for the protection of citizens who might be assaulted by the venomous animosity and fanaticism of a foreign populace.

The questions which are to be decided at the ballot-box are in no sense local or sectional. They are broadly and absolutely national. Efforts have indeed been made to array section against section, and to arouse animosities and jealousies which should never be permitted to assert themselves. Happily, however, there has been but slender response to these incendiary appeals. Sober-minded citizens recognize that the principles of constitutional government and the highest interests of the people are in a very real sense endangered by the attitude and policy of the free-silver party. One of the most gratifying and encouraging features of the campaign is found in the fact that men of all sections, breaking away from old party traditions and alliances, have united in defense of the principles upon which the national prosperity has been built. There are no more sturdy or aggressive supporters of a sound monetary policy than are found in the ranks of those who, thirty odd years ago, wore the Confederate gray. The very best element of the Southern population is to-day on the side of the party which stands for the national unity and the national honor. We believe that the great body of sound-money Democrats will in the final issue give their ballots to McKinley and Hobart. We are well persuaded that the nominees of the sound-money Democracy for President and Vice-President will be quite content that this course should be pursued. It may yet prove that the controversy which has been provoked by the advocates of free and unlimited silver-coinage will result in a closer union and a deeper and more profound patriotism among all classes of our people than has heretofore existed.

This is the last word that we shall address to the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* concerning these grave and important questions. We have, from the very outset, felt it to be our duty to resist, with all the power at our command, the delusive theories of the Popocratic party. We have, of course, provoked by our course some antagonisms. Week after week we have received from indignant subscribers in the far Western States denunciatory letters, accompanied, in some cases, by withdrawals of subscriptions; but we have not permitted ourselves to be in the least degree influenced by criticisms of this character, manifestly the outcome of deranged and distempered perceptions of vital truths. Our conviction has never wavered that every great public interest demands the extermination of the free-silver heresy and the defeat of the men who aspire

to give shape and direction to the policy which crystallized in the Chicago platform. We believe the day will come when even our critics will agree with us that the triumph of that policy would have been a national disaster.

Women and Sanitary Reform.

It is a gratifying fact that women, in their aspirations for larger spheres of usefulness, are giving more and more attention to such practical matters as sanitary reform. In a great many of the more populous communities of the country they have taken up the work of keeping the streets in cleanly condition, agitating in favor of local administration to that end, and giving an active personal supervision to methods designed to preserve cleanliness and purity. In one of the towns in New Jersey they have a Woman's Improvement Association, which seems to be possessed of an aggressive temper as well as dominated by practical sagacity. Last spring this association offered cash prizes for the two best-kept back-yards in one of the most unsavory neighborhoods of the city. The offer, either because of its novelty or of its practicability, aroused a good many householders, who entered upon the competition. A week or so ago, the committee appointed to select the winners made public the names of those who are entitled to the prizes, and, by way of deepening the interest in this method of sanitary reform, a public meeting is to be held, at which the prizes will be formally bestowed. The ladies concerned in this very excellent work include some of the most prominent society people of the town. The plan pursued by them, it would seem, might be adopted generally.

On the east side of this city very much has been done by women in this same general direction. The fact is that some of the streets on the East Side, where they have practical-minded missionaries who believe that the physical environment has something to do with the spiritual development of men and women, are in quite as good condition as those in more favored localities, and, if we are not mistaken, the rate of mortality has, as a result, been considerably diminished.

Why should not women, who are so largely concerned in the purity and the wholesomeness of the home, apply their intelligence and their energy to a work of this character? Municipal methods, which are too often under the control of political influences, are not always, by any means, what they ought to be in this particular field. We have known in this city what it was to be filthy and unclean, because those in authority had no real concern as to the performance of their official duties. It would be a happy thing if we could have in every city and town of considerable size an organization of women devoted to the one special object of keeping the least inviting neighborhoods in a cleanly condition. Such an organization in each tenement district of New York would count not only for social righteousness, but for a diminished death-roll, and for a largely augmented personal comfort among the poorer classes.

Six Millions for Schools—Seven Millions for Police.

THESE are the sums asked of the board of apportionment of the city of New York for the year 1897. They are most suggestive as to the prevailing condition of mind of our public officials. One newspaper, in commenting upon the amount asked for education, says: "No one can claim that we are niggardly in the support of our schools." And the reply might be offered: "No one can claim that we are niggardly in supporting the police." It is a commentary upon our civilization that we must pay more for the suppression of crime than we do for the training of the young; perhaps one is the cause of the other. If we were more liberal in supporting the schools we might not require so many policemen.

Six millions for schools! We should have sixteen millions if they will educate our future citizens properly. The greatest danger that threatens a democratic government is the ignorance and vice of its voters. No price that we can pay is too great if it will secure the thorough education of the masses of our people. We are still blind enough not to see our own interests. We prefer to spend seven millions for police next year, and more with each succeeding year, rather than spend the money in the proper place. Or perhaps we feel that our schools do not educate, and therefore they are not worth what they cost us. If that be so, it is time that we should reform the schools, from the lowest to the highest. By our inertness and lethargy we are storing up infinite trouble for the future. The children that learn their a, b, c's in the gutter, or master fractions and not their passions, can never take a worthy part in government "of the people by the people." The idea of free education is the greatest and grandest ever promulgated, but it is not yet realized. As long as politics is mixed up with the administration of the schools our educational system must be a makeshift and nothing more, dear at any price, because it deceives us by appearing to perform a duty which is actually left undone. In 1898 we shall be called upon for eight millions for police, and even then, with crowded jails and overflowing penitentiaries, we shall sit patiently down—and pay taxes. But patience is not always virtuous. Indignation is sometimes righteous, and our schools and our police will be properly reformed when

the limit of sufferance is passed and the people eliminate utterly the political influences which now too largely determine the character of our schools.

An Honored Public Servant.

THAT was a remarkable, but at the same time a deserved, tribute which was paid last week to Justin S. Morrill, now in the eighty-sixth year of his age, who was then re-elected to the United States Senate by the practically unanimous vote of the Vermont Legislature. Mr. Morrill is, in many respects, the unique personality of the Senate. Elected for the first time in 1867, he has served continuously for now nearly thirty years as a member of that body, and from first to last he has impressed himself



HON. JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

upon it by his sound conservative judgment, his breadth of statesmanship, and his robust patriotism. While a pronounced Republican, holding tenaciously to the tenets of his party, he has, as to all great public questions, risen superior to the constraints of petty partisanship, and has shown himself to be first and foremost an upright and conscientious servant of the people, solicitous for their welfare and for the honor of the government of which he is a part. Before entering the Senate he had served as a member of the House of Representatives for five terms, so that he has been in the public service now nearly half a century. His success as a legislator and his high standing in the Senate is the more remarkable when it is remembered that his early training was neither scholastic nor professional. Educated as a merchant, and afterward engaging in agricultural pursuits, he entered upon his public career with none of that peculiar equipment which is ordinarily supposed to be necessary to the largest usefulness in public place. He has demonstrated, however, what has been illustrated in the careers of other men, that a practical knowledge of affairs, acquired by business experience, is often a better equipment for the legislative office than is afforded by all the learning of the schools. It is undoubtedly due to his business training and the study given to the subject as a business man, that he has acquired, and holds, such eminence in the Senate as an authority concerning all financial and economic questions.

Notwithstanding he has reached the age of eighty-six years, Senator Morrill is frequently heard in the Senate, and, during the last session, one of the very best and most effective speeches was made by him in denunciation of the silver Republicans who united with the silver Popocrats to hold up and defeat the tariff measure. It may be added that his physical strength is apparently unimpaired. He writes his own letters, dispensing with the services of a clerk or typewriter; and, so far as human appearances go, there is no reason why he may not live to fill out the term to which he has just been elected. There is no doubt, so strong is his hold upon the people of Vermont, who are proud of him as the Grand Old Man, that he could hold the position of Senator indefinitely, no competitor ever rising to contest with him for this honored place.

Republicanism in Georgia.

AN interesting feature of the present campaign is the breaking down of the old prejudice against the Republican party in the South—a prejudice founded on the still older fear of negro domination, which has now completely disappeared. This changed condition is forcibly shown by the organization in Atlanta of a McKinley club, composed of business and professional men, most of whom have been Democrats heretofore. The club has some seven hundred and fifty members, has



T. H. MARTIN.

opened commodious rooms for the campaign, and stretched across the street the first Republican banner seen in Atlanta since the reconstruction days.

The Atlanta McKinley Club is the outcome of the efforts of Mr. T. H. Martin, a native Georgian, who is its president. He has always been an enthusiastic sound-money advocate, and looks upon this club as the best means of making the sound-money vote in Atlanta count for something. He thinks the time has come for a white man's Republican party in the South, and hopes to keep his club intact after the campaign as the nucleus of such a party. Mr. Martin is the editor of *Dirie*, a leading Southern industrial journal, and an earnest believer in the twin doctrines of protection and reciprocity, in which lies, he thinks, the industrial salvation of the Southern tier of States. There is no more hopeful or gratifying proof of the decadence of old animosities and the deepening of the national spirit than is afforded by the fact that Republican principles and policies are beginning to command the support of Southern men of the educated and more influential class.

LIKE most Englishmen, when I arrived in this country in 1884 I knew nothing of American politics. I had been in newspaper work in England for ten years. I had worked at the telegraph editor's desk, and had handled thousands of Reuter cablegrams from the United States. I knew from these, of course, that there were two great parties in American politics. But for what each stood I was ignorant. I had everything to learn when, in the early days of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, I joined the reporting staff of one of the St. Louis morning papers, and found myself in the whirl of the Presidential election.

My first assignment was in Texas. In 1884 the Republicans of Texas held their State convention at Fort Worth. I was, as I have said, exceedingly green at American political reporting, and looking back to the Fort Worth convention, I am now conscious of how frequently and obviously I betrayed this by the inquiries I was compelled to make of the other reporters.

Webster Flannigan and Powell Clayton, whom I now know as old-time Republican war-horses in the Southwest, were at the convention. I had never heard of either, and will long remember the amazement of my neighbor at the reporters' table when I asked why the appearance of the Hon. Webster Flannigan on the stage of the opera-house evoked such tremendous enthusiasm. My neighbor wondered aloud where I had been all my life, and when I told him that I was fresh from London he did not seem to regard that as any excuse for not having heard of the fame of "What-are-we-here-for" Flannigan.

The Hon. Webster Flannigan, as I realized before I left Fort Worth, is famous all over Texas; so is Powell Clayton in Arkansas, and in these later years in the country at large. But Reuter takes no account of American statesmen who are not at Washington, and I doubt if there is a journalist in Fleet Street to-day who could write an appreciative obituary notice of either of these illustrious statesmen of the Southwest. Webster Flannigan's historic interjection at the Republican National Convention of 1880 concerning statesmen and offices went unrecorded in London; and Powell Clayton's war fame has no mention in the brief and scrappy American histories read in England. Cable tolls come high, and have prevented the fame of many of the statesmen of the interior from traveling further than the Atlantic seaboard.

In addition to making the acquaintance of these statesmen of the Southwest, at the Fort Worth convention, I was introduced to the negro in politics. About half the convention was made up of colored men, and they were in politics for a week at a stretch. The colored statesman is an exceedingly picturesque figure in a State convention. He adds greatly to its life; and the colored man was apparently intended by nature for a place in a torchlight procession.

Political processions are long out of date in England. They did not survive the Parliamentary Reform acts which gave votes to everybody. Nowadays in England men could not be hired to wear white hats, carry canes, and step it through the dust or mud to the music of a brass band. The political procession still survives in Ireland, where there is always a theatrical element in politics. The political procession in England is as much a thing of the past as the dead cat and the antique egg which figure so frequently in the diaries of members of Parliament in the last century and the early years of this. In America the procession cannot be allowed to follow in the wake of the same institution in England. Without it the campaign managers would be at their wits' end what to do with the colored voter. He seems to have a unique place in the theatricalities of a Presidential campaign; and, if his interest in politics is to be maintained, opportunity must be afforded him to wear a red-white-and-blue uniform, and to carry a torch or a transparency in a procession.

There is much more music about American electioneering than there ever was in England. I do not recall a convention or a mass-meeting of the scores I attended in Texas, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana at which there was not a brass band. One was in attendance at the Fort Worth convention, and worked up the enthusiasm of the colored delegates even more than the rousing speeches of Webster Flannigan and Powell Clayton. The colored statesmen never got tired of the band, and when a speech had been made which stirred up their feelings one of the colored men would get up in his place and by way of a grace for the speech would move "that the band do now play the 'Star-spangled Banner.'"

Both in their conduct and spirit, American political meetings differ markedly from English assemblies of the same kind. No English election meeting separates without putting on record its opinion that Mr. Jones is a fit and proper person to represent the constituency in Parliament, and that the people then assembled will do their best to send him there. American meetings undertake no such responsibility. People listen to the speeches and then, apparently, go home to ponder on them, and to vote on election day as they think fit.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN POLITICS.

Sir Henry Irving once put on record his opinion that American theatrical audiences are more passive than English audiences. My experience is that the same is true of audiences at political meetings. English audiences are quickly worked up by a stirring speech, and give frequent indications of their active interest as the speaker proceeds. Any one who will turn to a newspaper report of a speech by a politician in the front rank in England will see that it is punctuated every ten or fifteen lines with what the reporter describes as "cheers," sometimes with "loud and prolonged cheers," and, if occasion demands, as "renewed applause." English reporters attend as carefully to these manifestations of the audience as they do to the utterances of the speaker. In a great speech fully reported every cheer and every interjection is duly recorded. If the audience does not agree with what is said it will hoot, hiss, or make cat-calls just as readily as it will cheer or applaud, and all these manifestations of disapproval are set down in the report.

American audiences are not so ready with interjections and interruptions. They leave much more to the speaker. There is more combativeness and bluntness about English people at a political meeting than about Americans. This is especially characteristic of the industrial populations of the north of England. If a man in the audience does not agree with a statement from the platform he has not the slightest hesitation in saying so. Occasionally dissent is expressed with a rasping bluntness, and the harmony of the meeting is broken by an interjection such as "Oh, what a lie!" or "Tha knows that's not so!"

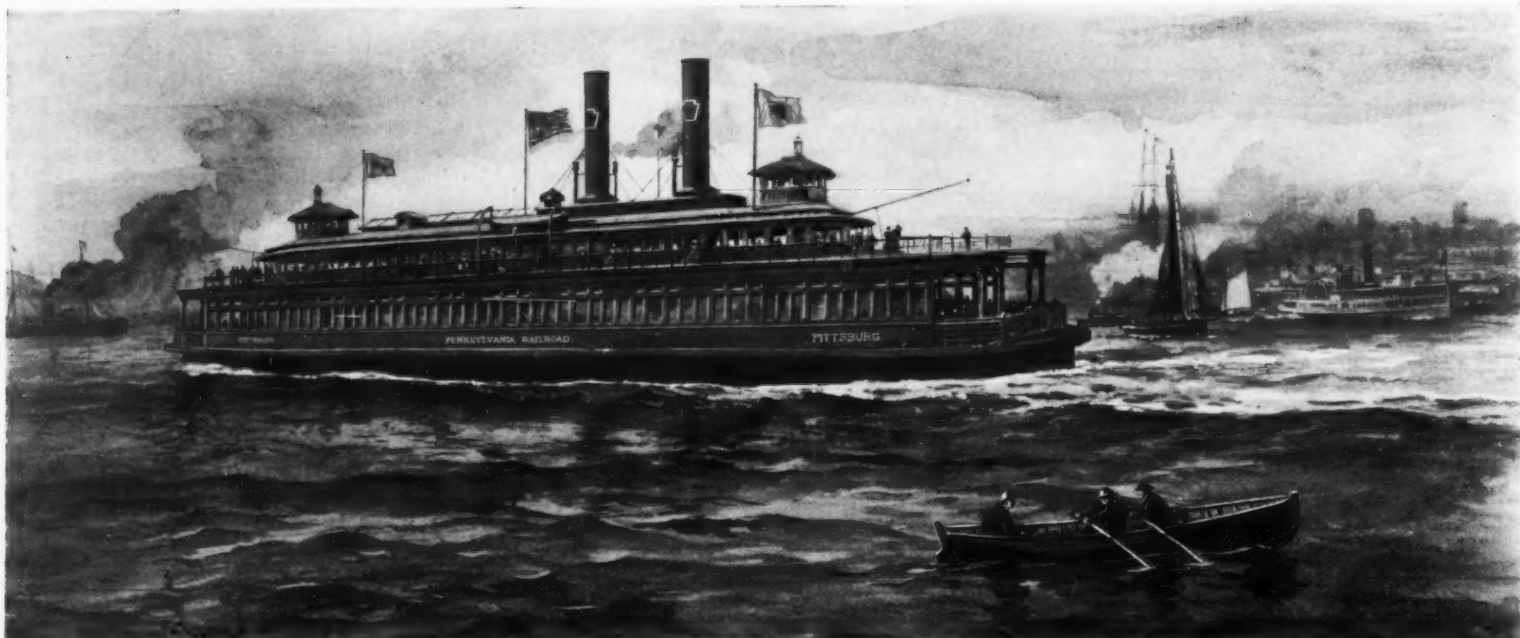
In an English meeting people often direct the attention of the speaker to some question on which they are impatient that he should touch, and when a speaker on one side begins to handle a prominent politician on the other side he is sometimes urged from the audience to give it him hot. Occasionally the interruptions drift into dialogues between the speaker and members of the audience; and it often happens that a speaker will turn aside from his prepared speech and devote himself to the subjects which have been suggested by the audience. I can recall few incidents of this kind at the political meetings I attended when I was serving my apprenticeship at political reporting in the Southwest. In or out of doors, when a set speech was being made, people were as orderly as when listening to a sermon in church.

Women take a more active interest in an English general election than they seem to do in a Presidential election. At the election meetings in England they are present in large numbers, and share in the enthusiasm almost as much as the men. At the rallies in the rural districts in the Southwest the women of the farmers' families drove into town with the men for the meetings. At the mass-meetings in the halls in the cities women were seldom present. I was at many meetings where not a single woman was in attendance. It is said, however, that more recently there has been a change in this particular.

Two or three features of the Presidential campaign cannot fail to strike an Englishman. One of these is the wearing of campaign buttons. There was a time in England when candidates for Parliament spent large sums on electioneering favors. But the Corrupt Practices acts have caused the disappearance of this custom, and a campaign button has never had any place in modern English electioneering. There are still Englishmen who will sport a wee bit of ribbon on election day; but it would be difficult to find people who would go about for months wearing a button impressed with the name or the effigy of any statesman. Another picturesque feature lacking to an English election is the rooster which appears on the morning after the result is known.

A Presidential campaign lasts about five times as long as an English general election, and there are more outward evidences that a campaign is in progress. One seems to be continually reminded of it, in the streets and on the railroad cars. Once, in a journey out from St. Louis, I was asked by a stranger who was my Presidential preference. He was making his way through the train, asking the same question of every passenger, and carefully entering the replies on a slip of paper. I could not help thinking what would be the fate of a man who attempted a similar mission on a train in England. He would hardly be spared to publish the results of what would there be regarded as his impertinent inquiries. This man, however, was not snubbed. Nobody suggested that he should be put off the train. As far as I could watch his proceedings, he was received by all the passengers with good humor. Good humor seems the prevailing spirit of the popular activities of a Presidential campaign. Although I traveled thousands of miles in the campaign of 1884, and was generally where electioneering was at the hottest, I only once saw anything which approximated a fight. The universal horse-play and ruffianism of English elections is now at an end. But one has not to travel far during a general election to find how seriously English people take their politics, and how ready some still are to support their political opinions with their fists.

EDWARD PORRITT.



A MONSTER FERRY-BOAT—THE NEW BOAT "PITTSBURG," OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY'S NEW FERRY BETWEEN JERSEY CITY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 298.]



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND REV. F. L. PATTON, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE, LEADING THE PROCESSION TO ALEXANDER HALL.



THE PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOP ESCORTING PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO ALEXANDER HALL.

THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 299.]
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PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

XII.

SHOWING THAT PICKPOCKETS HAVE SOME USEFULNESS AFTER ALL.



WITH a short whistle and a sudden splashing of paddle-wheels the *Morristown* moved slowly out of her dock on the Jersey side and started on her course across the North River. At the same moment "Trenton" Sammie's mob of pickpockets manœuvred into position on the forward deck, for these gentlemen had no time to lose in an eight-minutes' run. It was nine o'clock on a Monday morning, a pleasant morning in September, and the deck was crowded, from cabin-doors to rails, with

business men back to the city for another week's rush, coming from country homes and a hundred places along the seashore.

"A nice lot of suckers," whispered Trenton Sammie, surveying the crowd from the rear line. This he said to one of his lieutenant pickpockets who stood beside him. Both men wore good clothes, although there was a flash about their large-checked suits and cross-striped colored shirts that classed them in the sporting fraternity. Besides that, there was a bad look in their sharp, shifting eyes—for, as all detectives know, the eyes of thieves are seldom steady, so constant is their habit of glancing furtively about them. Some priests in gamblers' clothes might, with their clean-shaven faces, look the part, but it would be hard, by the reverse masquerade, to make a criminal look like a priest; which only shows that lives have much to do with looks, whatever ill-informed people may say to the contrary.

Now the "push" pressed about a gentleman who looked like a man of wealth and whose watch was doubtless a valuable one. He was occupied with the financial article of his newspaper and was quite unconscious of the plot preparing against him. He only noticed that his neighbor in the crowd, who was also busy with his paper, was pushing close against him and annoying him with occasional digs of his elbow as he turned his sheet. To avoid this annoyance he mechanically lifted his own paper higher and higher until he finally had it quite on a level with his chin, and in so doing he exposed his waistcoat. At this moment there came a jostling from behind and two or three men were thrown against him with some force. Vexed at this, he turned sharply with an impatient word, and as he did so a quick hand shot forward from the other side and in a flash his watch-chain fell from an empty pocket.

"A clean bit of work," remarked Trenton Sammie in a low tone, while the unsuspecting victim got into an altercation with an innocent fellow-passenger. Meantime the watch had been passed rapidly from hand to hand through the mob and left finally in the keeping of a meek-looking individual who for five minutes past had been standing near the rail having his boots blacked. In an emergency he would never be suspected.

In all this Trenton Sammie had taken no part, but had followed every move with sharp eye, now and then giving some direction with a look or slight movement of the head. He was about to give the signal for another coup when a voice broke in upon him, a voice pleasant enough in quality, but most unwelcome in the words it bore.

"How many watches can you steal that way in a day?" asked the voice.

Trenton Sammie started as if a bomb had exploded. For once in his life he was taken off his guard. As he said afterward, he did not even have the nerve to make a bluff.

"I want that watch at once. Do you understand?"

There was an uncompromising ring in this command that satisfied Sammie of the speaker's authority.

"Are you going to run me in?" he asked, glancing nervously at the rails of the boat.

"Not if you do as I tell you."

"Are you from the central office, or where?"

As he said this Sammie eyed the gentleman over from head to foot. He saw a tall, dark-complexioned man, whose free carriage and breadth of shoulders indicated great bodily strength, and whose face and eyes told of a firm character.

"I am not an officer at all," he said, quietly;

"I am a private individual."

"Then you have no right to arrest me."

"No, but I have a right to lift my hand like this, and if I do so again something interesting will happen."

"What will happen?" asked Sammie, suspiciously.

"Do you see that young man with the soft hat who just stepped up to the gentleman we are talking about? He is a friend of mine, and if I lift my hand as I showed you he will tell the gentleman that his watch has been stolen and will point out the man who stole it. I will give you one minute to make up your mind. Unless I have the watch in that time I will lift my hand."

The gentleman drew out his own watch and Trenton Sammie did some quick thinking. At the end of thirty seconds he walked across the

deck to the man who was having his boots blacked, and at the end of forty-five seconds the stolen watch was in the stranger's possession.

"You're a slick one," said Sammie, as he handed over the property. "I'd like to know what you're goin' to do."

"In the first place I'm going to see that the gentleman gets his watch. After that I want to talk with you. I understand you are one of the cleverest pickpockets in the city."

He said this in such a straightforward, friendly way that Sammie, although puzzled by the whole affair, was half-reassured.

"I wasn't very clever this morning," he said, "or I wouldn't have let you nab me. I don't see yet how you got on to the game."

"Because I've learned to use my eyes, and because I was waiting for you."

It was in this way that Prince Kahlma made the acquaintance of Trenton Sammie, and at once his active mind conceived the idea of utilizing this skillful pickpocket in his favorite pursuit of adventure. Several experiences resulted, the more interesting of these, according to the prince's view, being the following:

I.—THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE DOGMATIC PROFESSOR.

One day when the prince was out for a stroll with Van Halten and Trenton Sammie he stopped suddenly in crossing Madison Square and called attention to an old man seated on a bench. The old man had gray hair and whiskers and a sour, crabbed face, although the brow was good and bespoke unusual intelligence. He was occupied in thumbing the pages of a note-book, and in this he made entries from time to time with a pencil.

"Sammie," said the prince, "do you think you could get that old gentleman's watch without his knowing it?"

"Could I?" said Sammie, and forthwith walked toward the bench and dropped down beside the old man, who paid not the slightest heed to him. Meantime the prince and Van Halten stood apart, the latter trying in vain to divine his master's purpose.

"That old man," explained the prince, "is probably the most autocratic individual in New York City. He is Professor John C. Sproul. He spells his first name 'Jno.' and pronounces his last name to rhyme with 'bowl,' and gets very angry if any one makes it rhyme with 'howl.' For years he has been one of the teachers of history at the normal school, and has domineered over those poor girls like an Arab slave-driver. He prides himself on his memory, on the precision of all his mental processes, on the methodical arrangement of his life, and he will not allow that he could possibly be mistaken about anything. I hope to show him his error. Ah, he has got it!"

At this moment Sammie left the bench and walked toward the prince, making an amusing grimace at the professor, who was still deep in his note-book.

"He's a soft mark," said Sammie, producing the watch. "I could take his shirt and he'd never know it. Gimme somethin' hard."

The prince opened the watch, which was an old-fashioned key-winder with a heavy gold case, and moved the regulator toward the "slow" side. Then he closed it and handed it back to Sammie.

"Now put it back in his pocket," he said, and once more the nimble-fingered gentleman, in some wonderment, made his way to the bench.

"The professor values that watch more than he does the rarest volume in his library. He vows that it does not vary a second in a month. His whole day is regulated by it, from six in the morning, when he rises and goes through his dumb-bell exercises, up to ten o'clock at night, when he takes his last pill and retires. He eats by that watch (no butter, if you please, nor potatoes); he delivers his lectures by it, he comes here by it for his morning siesta on that bench at ten A. M., weather permitting, and he proposes to die by it. He will be as much shocked at finding that watch slow as if he had forgotten the date of the Norman Conquest."

"How do you know all these things?" asked Van Halten.

"I have talked with him on that bench by the hour, and I have taken him to drive in the park. He likes me because I always let him get the better of our arguments. Once or twice I have gone with him for a meal at his boarding-house, where he has changed the dining-room into a miniature reign of terror. The man's power of memory is really wonderful, and he uses it without mercy. Woe be to him or her among the boarders who dares to oppose him. He simply overwhelms the presumptuous person with such a massing of facts as no encyclopædia could furnish. No matter the subject, let it be anything from the making of pins up to the saving of souls, and he knows off-hand more about it than a specialist would know after careful preparation. His whole life is spent in reading and taking notes. We could not find a better subject for the experiment I have planned. Did you put the watch back, Sammie?"

"Yessir," said Sammie, who had just returned. "I had to get talkin' to him, though, 'fore I could work it. You see, I ain't used to puttin' things back in folks' pockets. Say, he's a queer one. I asked him for a light and he told me to look at page 243 of a book on the bench and I'd find one. So I opened the book where he said, and there was the watch, sure enough, where he'd put it for a marker. He didn't look up when he said this, so I just put the watch in my pocket and told him he was



"As he did so a quick hand shot forward,"

way off. Then he got mad and said I'd swiped the match, and talked a lot more, and while he was talkin' I slid back his ticker."

"It is well you got acquainted with him," said the prince. "I want you to devote an hour or so every day to this gentleman until further orders. To-morrow you are to come here at the same time and bring me the pill-box he always carries in the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat."

The following day the prince said to Trenton Sammie: "To-morrow bring me the professor's eye-glasses."

And the day after that he said: "To-morrow take the professor's watch again, break the crystal, and put it back in his pocket."

Such orders as these he gave day by day, and in every instance Trenton Sammie, being an accomplished and intelligent pickpocket, and well paid in the bargain, carried them out faithfully.

Within a month Professor John C. Sproul



"BOTH MEN WERE INTERESTED SPECTATORS."

was a changed man. His manner had become gentle, and all his former harsh positiveness was gone. The boarders scarcely knew him, while his pupils could not have been more surprised if wings had suddenly sprouted from his shoulders.

"My memory is failing me," said the professor, sadly, to one of his colleagues; "my powers of reasoning are impaired. I fear I have been too severe in my judgments of others."

Then, while his colleague listened with more show of sympathy than he really felt, he described the alarming symptoms of the past few weeks.

"It began," he said, "with my watch, which for years has kept better time than the sun. I became convinced that it was losing, and took it to a jeweler, but he assured me it was gaining, and, as it certainly was gaining, I saw that I must have made careless observations. Now you know that I never do anything carelessly, so I was much annoyed at this."

"Two days later I looked at my watch and saw plainly that the crystal was cracked. I looked at it repeatedly that afternoon and evening and in each instance saw the crack, but the next morning when I carried it to the jeweler to have a new crystal put in I found that there was no crack there. The crystal was perfectly sound, and it was evident I had imagined the crack."

"The next day while I was sitting in Madison Square I found that I could not see through my glasses, but when I got to the optician's with them I discovered that I could see through them as well as usual. The optician laughed at me and I became much disturbed, for I am not accustomed to have people laugh at me."

"Then a number of things have occurred that make me believe my memory is deserting me. I have frequently of late found articles in my pocket—note-books, postage-stamps, mucilage, etc.—that I cannot remember buying, but certainly must have bought, for there they were. And then my pill-box, that has been a bad symptom. You know how careful I am to take three pills every day for my dyspepsia? Well, for years I have been accustomed to carry about with me a little pill-box into which, on each Saturday night, I place exactly enough pills for the following week—that is, twenty-one. And I never forget to take a pill, and at any time in the week the box always has in it exactly the number of pills that it should have. But I regret to say that in no less than five instances within a fortnight I have found either too many pills or too few pills, which shows that I must either have forgotten to take them at the right time, or must have taken too many. All this is very distressing, and makes me realize how frail we are, even the best of us."

These remarks of the professor were communicated to Prince Kahlma, and also the fact that he was growing kinder to others from day to day, and more tolerant of human frailty. The prince listened with twinkling eyes, and

was altogether so pleased with the result of this experiment that he doubled Trenton Sammie's salary, and gave him a handsome present besides.

"You see," he said to Van Halten, "nothing in the world is really bad, and what we call evil is only energy misdirected. Think of the service pickpockets might render in philanthropic work. Take these cases of genteel poverty all about us, people who are too proud to beg, though they might be starving. I shall find out a number of such deserving cases, struggling artists, forlorn gentlewomen, etc., and instruct Sammie from time to time to slip some gold pieces into their pockets. Thus I will mystify them, amuse myself, and transform a criminal into a benefactor of his kind."

All these things Kahlma did, and other things beside.

II.—THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE ELECTRIC CHAIN.

"Sammie," said the prince one day, "show me just how you take a watch out of a man's pocket."

"Why," said Sammie, "you get him in the 'push,' then you lift it out easy, and then you 'ring' it and skip."

And he explained that "ringing" a watch meant snapping off the ring from the stem instead of unhooking the chain. Most watches permit this.

"Do you always take hold of the chain first?"

"Sure; the chain's what you lift it with."

"That's what I wanted to know," said the prince, and for two days after that he spent most of his time in his laboratory, experimenting with storage-batteries. On the third day he sent for Sammie and

asked him if there were many pickpockets in the city.

"There will be next Saturday night," said Sammie, "'cause there's two p'litical p'rades on. There ain't no better time to work a 'mob' than when a p'rade's goin' by. That's why we travel with circuses."

"Where will be the best place to find them—I mean the pickpockets?"

"Oh, down on the Bowery, or on Fourth Avenue; there's lots o' jays down there."

"How many pickpockets do you think will be out that night? Will there be twenty?"

Sammie smiled. "Will there?—there'll be more like a hundred. Why, there's four or five in a 'push,' and there'll be 'pushes' every two or three blocks, sure."

"Well, if I can catch ten I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Catch ten?" queried Sammie.

"Yes; I'm going hunting for pickpockets. That ought to be good sport; don't you think so?"

"How er ye goin' to hunt 'em?"

"I'll show you when the time comes," and Sammie was left with his curiosity unsatisfied.

Saturday night came with its rival political demonstrations, and the great thoroughfares of the city swarmed with people. There was no question of Sammie's loyalty to his master, and, even without that, his desire to see the new game played would have led him to obey the prince's orders. These were simple enough. He was to walk ahead along the line of march, where the crowds were thickest, and whenever he saw a "mob" operating he was to signal back to the prince and Van Halten, who would be following him. Then he was to stop and await developments until he got a signal to go on again.

As soon as Sammie gave the first signal the prince and Van Halten, who were both dressed as well-to-do countrymen, stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and stood still, apparently absorbed in watching the gay scene. The prince had his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, which left his waistcoat exposed, and showed a heavy gold chain stretching across it from side to side. Here was tempting bait for the light-fingered gentlemen.

From his station, a hundred feet distant, Sammie could see tolerably well what happened. He had not the faintest idea what his master intended to do, but he watched with all his eyes. He saw the "push" come on, caught the leader's quick movement which signaled out Kahlma as their next victim, watched the lads crowd forward with shoulders and elbows until they had packed themselves around the supposed countryman, and then could see nothing more, but knew what was going on as well as if they were only a yard away. Now they were pushing hard from one side, and the lad from behind was waiting with ready hand—now. At this moment there came a yell of pain from the group, and he saw the "push" scattering through the crowd. Then an officer came hurrying up, and he saw his master hand over "Sandy" Burke to the custody of the law.

And he saw that "Sandy" looked very much frightened, while the prince and Van Halten were smiling. And then Van Halten gave him the signal to go ahead.

Down Fourth Avenue they went, and soon met one of the processions which was coming the opposite direction. The procession was at least ten blocks long, and with it came four "mobs" of pickpockets, "working" their side of the street. In three "mobs" out of the four, following the same tactics, they caught their man, the members of the fourth "mob" getting scent of the danger and taking to their heels. Sammie's wonder was wrought to fever heat as he saw these three "smooth operators" led off to the station-house. For the life of him he could not see how it was done. When the procession had passed, his curiosity prevailed so far that he went back to his master, staring at him with awe and admiration.

"Say," he said, "how d'ye work it?"

"I'll show you," said the prince. "Try to get my watch now."

He stood as before, with hands in his pockets and the heavy gold chain in full view.

"It looks dead easy," said Sammie, hesitating as he held out his hand.

"Go ahead," said the prince, with a quizzical look in his eyes. "I'll give you the watch if you get it."

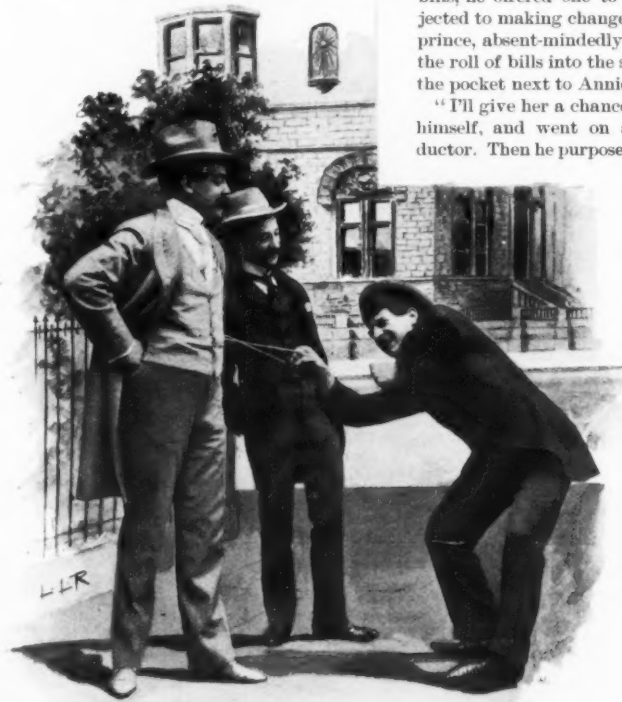
With a quick movement Sammie's fingers tightened on the chain, and then he gave a howl of pain and surprise that could be heard two blocks away. His elbow shut with a jerk; his fist became as hard as iron. There was a sharp jumping in his wrist. He could no more let go the chain than he could fly.

"How do you like the game, Sammie?" inquired the prince, enjoying the discomfiture of his young protégé. "There, I'll turn off the current."

As he spoke he pressed one of his hands deeper into its pocket, and Sammie came back to his normal condition.

"Well, I'll be—"

The blending of fear and amazement in Sammie's face caused Van Halten to shake with



"WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THE CHAIN."

laughter, but the prince reminded him that there was still work to be done.

"I have still half a dozen more of your friends to catch before the evening is over. Get yourself together, Sammie; here comes the other procession."

III.—THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE THREE-ARMED LADY.

"Do women ever pick pockets, Sammie?" asked the prince one morning.

"Sure they do," said Sammie; "they're most the slickest there is in the business, next to kids. Kids is wonders, 'cause nobody tumbles to 'em, they're so little. But 'Brockey Annie,' she's all right; they call her 'the Queen.' She works the street-cars and the big stores."

"Do you think you could find her for me?" asked the prince. "I'd like to watch her work some day—I mean without her knowing it."

"Cert'nly I could," said Sammie. And a few days later he arranged it so that his master and Van Halten were on Annie's trail, up Sixth Avenue.

"If ye lose her," said Sammie, "ye can tell her by her purty face and the black clothes she wears, and by the thumb of her right hand bein' bit off. A feller did that once that was stuck on her."

With this explanation Sammie left the two

gentlemen to follow Annie as best they could, and presently they found themselves seated opposite her on a Sixth-avenue car.

"It's remarkable," said the prince, after some silent scrutiny; "she doesn't look like a thief. I wonder if Sammie has made a mistake."

"We'd better watch her for a while," whispered Van Halten.

At Twenty-third Street a well-dressed lady got on the car and took the seat beside Annie. She slipped a plump pocket-book into her muff and then fell to staring out of the window, indifferent, apparently, to what was going on about her.

Both men were now interested spectators, wondering if anything would happen. Suddenly Van Halten nudged the prince and said, under his breath:

"Did you see that? She took it."

"Took what?" whispered Kahlma.

"Why, the pocket-book."

"Impossible! Her two hands have been on her lap all the time. I've not taken my eyes off them."

"That's just it—she's got a fake arm; one of those hands you've been watching is stuffed and the real arm is hidden under her cloak. I've heard of the trick before. Anyhow I saw her hand come out of the lady's muff, and the pocket-book went with it. There, she's going; what shall we do?"

The lady had evidently reached the shop she was bound for, and signaling the conductor, she prepared to leave the car. Evidently she had no suspicion that she had suffered any loss.

"You follow her," said Kahlma, "and find out where she lives. Then we can return her property. I'll stay here and amuse myself with Annie."

Both men rose as if to say good-bye, and when Van Halten alighted from the car, Kahlma, seemingly by accident, dropped into the seat which the lady had vacated.

"Fare, please," said the conductor, mistaking him for a new-comer.

This gave Kahlma the opportunity he wanted, and drawing from his pocket a large roll of bills, he offered one to the conductor, who objected to making change. As they argued, the prince, absent-mindedly, so it appeared, thrust the roll of bills into the side-pocket of his coat, the pocket next to Annie.

"I'll give her a chance at me," he thought to himself, and went on arguing with the conductor. Then he purposely turned his head away

and seemed interested in what was going on at the end of the car, but all the time he was waiting intently for the touch of Annie's hand. Two blocks passed, three blocks, and he felt nothing.

"She is too sharp for me," he said to himself; "I must have baited the hook clumsily. Ah, she's going to get off."

At this moment Annie rose from her seat and with considerable dignity left the car. Several men stared after her admiringly.

"She's a fine-looking woman, any way," thought Kahlma, and then touching his hand to his pocket—"By heaven, she did take it after all!"

The roll of bills was gone. Quickly leaving the car, he glanced up and down for the woman, and saw her making her way quickly along Thirty-fourth Street. At Seventh Avenue she turned to the left, and as she did so he spoke to her.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, with his usual politeness, "would you mind returning the money you just took from my coat pocket?"

Annie stared at him, not knowing what to make of his coolness and courtesy. He was certainly not an officer, but there was something in his eye that prompted her.

"Here it is," she said, handing him the roll of bills.

"And now let me have the lady's pocket-book which you took a few minutes before."

Annie hesitated, and then produced the pocket-book.

"How much more do you want?" she asked.

"Some information about yourself, that is all. Let us sit down somewhere, where we can talk. Perhaps you'd like to eat something?"

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather drink. Say, you're the queerest one I've struck yet."

Annie led the way into a shabby drinking

place near by, the ordinary side door to a saloon, and on Seventh Avenue too, which was not saying much. The prince ordered whatever she wanted, and by an attitude of kindness tried to win her confidence.

"How does it come," he asked, "that a woman of your intelligence leads a life like this?"

Annie seemed suspicious at first and would answer only in monosyllables, but gradually, under the influence of friendly questioning, she spoke more freely. She told a long story extending over fifteen years, that began with her efforts as a young girl to earn an honest living. Then she had married a man who had beaten her and taught her to drink. After leaving him she had married a crook, and little by little had adopted his ways. She wound up by bursting into tears and declaring that she was a miserable wretch and wanted to die.

"Why not try to lead an honest life?" suggested Kahlma, moved to sympathy.

"It's no use," she said; "nobody would employ me. My record is against me."

"Then go to some other city; go to England, or Australia. There must be a chance for you in the world if you really want to do right."

"I have no money," she said, "for such a journey, and it's no use any way, but," she added, with a look of humility and gratitude in her fine eyes, "but, indeed, sir, I will try to do better. You don't know how you have helped me. It's years since any one has been kind to me, or cared whether I was a thief or not. Most people would have run me in if they'd caught me the way you did. Thank you, sir; oh, thank you." And as if seized by a sudden impulse she bent over and covered his hand with kisses.

"There, there," said Kahlma, reassuringly, "I'm glad if I have helped you. Take this; perhaps it will help you to make a new start in life."

He handed her the roll of money which she had stolen from him a little before, and then, feeling that there was nothing more he could do, he bade her good-bye.

For a couple of blocks he walked rapidly, enjoying that exhilaration which comes from the consciousness of a good deed done. Then, thinking of the hour, he reached for his watch. His watch was gone. And a quick search showed that his pocket-book was also gone, as well as the lady's pocket-book and a ruby of value which he had worn in his scarf. The shock, on realizing the deception that had been practiced upon him, threw him into a furious rage. It was not the money nor the gem—he cared little for these—but the consciousness that a vulgar criminal had thus made sport of him. The more he thought of it the angrier he got.

"I will leave this city at once," he said to Van Halten; "my mind is made up; we will go aboard the yacht to-night."

For months the *Nadia* had been lying in the Hudson awaiting sailing orders, but from week to week their departure had been postponed by one adventure or another.

"But," objected Van Halten, "you have an appointment in Washington next week with the Turkish ambassador."

"Break the appointment," said the prince.

"And there is a meeting of the Burglars' Club to-morrow night, when you are to relate our experiences in holding up those fellows on Fifth Avenue. The members will be much disappointed if you are not there."

"Send my apologies; we go aboard the yacht to-night. We sail at once for Yucatan."

Van Halten knew his master too well to venture further opposition. It was ever thus in Kahlma's life, that little things influenced him more than great things. Had he not once given up a whole season in London, given up a house he had just taken and had freshly furnished in Regent's Park, sold his stable of horses, and started overland for Russia because a waiter at the Café Royal upset a plate of soup on the table-cloth? And was it not the merest trifle—a newspaper paragraph—that had kept them from starting for Yucatan months before? So what more natural than that their departure should finally come about in this unexpected manner. Van Halten shrugged his shoulders philosophically, and set about making ready for the sailing.

"At any rate," he said, "I don't suppose we'll find any three-armed pickpockets in Yucatan."

[THE END.]

Story by the Author of "Dodo."

In the issue of November 14th we will publish "THE RETURN OF DODO," a story by E. F. Benson, the author of "DODO," which was received with such universal favor by the reading public. The new story has all the sparkle and dash of the book whose heroine it brings back to English life and society, there to renew her dazzling triumphs, and will be read with wide and eager interest.

An Object-lesson to the Hesitant Voter.

ALTHOUGH the present campaign is primarily one of principles, and not of the relative personal worth of the leading candidates for the Presidency, the character of the elements arrayed against each other certainly deserves some consideration as furnishing an object-lesson to the still hesitant voter. I am alluding more particularly to the personality of the leaders on both sides. Take New York City, for example. At previous Presidential elections the local Democracy was marshaled by citizens not alone of undoubted respectability, but with civic records of which the party might well be proud. Its banner-bearers were the Hewitts, the Whitneys, the Danas, the Couderts, and a host of other men of distinction. Even at their worst, when Tammany Hall controlled the party's councils, the Democratic candidates for the higher municipal offices were men of at least personal honesty.

How things have changed! Let the reader cast his eyes at the accompanying page, entitled, "An Object-lesson to the Hesitant Voter," with its pictorial record of a day's wanderings through the Popocratic camp of New York City. Treasurer St. John, although, of course, the backbone of the combination, since he supplies the sinews of war (mainly out of his own pocket at that), is not included in the illustration, LESLIE'S WEEKLY having already published his counterfeit presentment on a previous occasion. But, in truth, it would be a grievous injustice to bunch that earnest, self-sacrificing, kindly gentleman in with the nondescript crowd of hack politicians who are guiding the destinies of the Bryan campaign in New York. These fellows represent the most disreputable elements, not of any party in particular, but of the community at large. There can be no pretense that either they or their constituents are honestly mistaken, as we assume is the case with the Western farmers. They have entered upon this campaign as the gambler goes into a faro game—in the hope that luck will turn their way, and that the spoils of war will be theirs.

"Uncle Georgie" Plunkitt, the individual in the right lower corner of the picture, whose vulgar facial traits are somewhat attenuated by his ministerial mutton-chop whiskers, "gave the snap away" at the beginning of the campaign when a reporter asked him whether he proposed supporting the Chicago platform.

"I don't know and I don't keer nothink about this yere silver question," was his comprehensive reply; "what I do want to know is, what there is in it for us. See?"

It is to be presumed that the query has been satisfactorily answered by the Bryan campaign managers, for "Uncle Georgie" has "taken off his coat" and is working for the Chicago ticket for all it is worth. "Uncle Georgie," in his various rôles of Tammany office-holder, heeler, and spoilsman, is said to have amassed a snug little fortune and to enjoy a considerable following in the slums of the East Side. The collectorship of the port of New York or its post-office should be his least reward.

To mention Plunkitt before the Great and Only Original Sulzer betrays a perverted sense of proportion. I hasten to make amends. Sulzer's noble cranium is the great think-tank of the New York Popocracy, as the late Bill Nye would say. The throbings of Sulzer's brain over the intricate financial questions of the campaign were heard throughout the hall of the Chicago auditorium and also at the Buffalo convention. It has been throbbing ever since, to the alarm of his friends, one of whom has suggested a steel framework something similar to the one carried by the dime-museum freak with the broken neck. This device has the double advantage of holding the top-heavy cranium in an upright position and at the same time of preventing a leakage of the gray matter.

Scarcely less of a thinker, and certainly not less of an authority on bimetalism, than Sulzer is our old friend "Chimmy" O'Brien, who for twenty years or more has figured as an opponent of Tammany Hall "for revenue chiefly." His first experience of note with that philanthropic organization was in the shape of an abortive attempt on his part to blackmail its leader, the late Boss Tweed. Piqued at his failure, he exposed the latter's wholesale stealings, and has been palming himself on the achievement ever since. For years he has bobbed up with claims for recognition on all occasions when Tammany suffered defeat at the polls. He made himself particularly conspicuous after the late reform movement in demanding a police commissionership of Mayor Strong, but, as in other instances, his record told against him and his appeals met with a deaf ear. Finding his efforts as a disinterested patriot and reformer unappreciated by the "silk stockings," he has now cast in his lot with his former foes and is

"whooping her up" for "me frind Bryant" (Sic.)

The gallery of prominent New York Popocrats at the top of the illustrated page really represents the general staff of the local silver forces. Viewed in the light of the very effective campaign biographical list regularly published at election periods by the New York *Evening Post*, the group comprises one defaulter, one murderer, one bar-room thug, one ex-Tammany Dogberry, and one ex-member of the corrupt board of police commissioners swept away by the reform movement of 1893—a perfect rogues' gallery in itself!

There is just one face missing in this noble galaxy of Tammany talent—one gap to be filled! I refer to the "Prince of Wales's friend," Mr. Richard Croker. But Richard knows himself too well to be seen in his old haunts in these troublesome times. He is not due in New York until November fifteenth, and by that time the Tammany outfit will have ceased to cut a figure in our political life. Croker is averse to figuring as a pall-bearer, even to his dearest friends. It is an unpleasant job at its best, and he proposes to avoid it. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

A Notable Georgia Girl.

MISS ELLEN DORTCH, the assistant State librarian of Georgia, is a plucky young newspaper woman and politician.



MISS ELLEN DORTCH.

She is quite youthful, very pretty, and is noted as having the "hardest head" in the State. Her career has been phenomenal, and during the course of her few years she has occupied many unique positions before the Southern public. At present she is holding general attention as the originator and leader of a movement which is endeavoring to open a number of State offices, hitherto filled by men only, to women. She is waging a special war on the State librarianship, to which, by a remote act of Legislature, women are not eligible. She has flooded the State with pamphlets on the subject, collected letters indorsing women as State librarians, and, in fact, studied her "case" and compiled her evidence as an expert lawyer would. The result is that she has the sympathy and encouragement of editors, politicians, and lawyers alike, and of influential men and women in every walk of life. The Legislature that meets this fall is expected to repeal the act, and as Governor Atkinson is known to be in sympathy with the movement it is more than probable that this particular office will soon come to be considered the legitimate spoils of the fairer sex, as is already the case in South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, California, Maryland, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Michigan, and Idaho.

Despite her reputation for progress, Georgia's educational facilities are poorer than those of almost any other State in the Union, and her percentage of ignorance naturally larger. Her girls and women are especially handicapped, and this fact has weighed heavily on the heart of Ellen Dortch and made her in a sense their champion. She has been for years endeavoring to have the doors of the State University opened to women, and her stirring editorials were among the main influences which led to the founding of a State institution for the normal and industrial training of Georgia girls.

Miss Dortch began her journalistic career when, a mere slip of a girl, she became the editor of the *Carnesville Tribune*, a North Georgia county weekly. Her early experiences were not wholly agreeable, but she overcame all difficulties, and soon became editor of a second weekly, and in this way wielded a double influence. She preached the doctrines of Democracy to a large and wavering audience; she advanced the educational interests of men and women alike, and was largely instrumental in gaining the gubernatorial nomination for W. Y. Atkinson in 1894. By him she was appointed assistant State librarian, and will doubtless be made librarian proper if her sex is rendered eligible to the office by the coming Legislature.

Miss Dortch has given up the active management of her two weeklies, but still supplies their editorial matter. From the beginning of her journalistic career she has done the work of a man, from a man's standpoint. She is small, slender, with blonde hair, china-blue eyes, a pin's skin, and good taste in dress. She stands to-day as the dauntless young "Margaret Sullivan" of the South, with the prospect of a notable career before her.

CORINNE STOCKER HORTON.

People Talked About.

—ONE of the most active of the women prominent in New York politics this fall is Dr. Huldah Gunn, who has long been a familiar figure at women's club meetings. Mrs. Gunn is a quaint, bright, and shrewd little woman, picturesque and somewhat old-fashioned in her attire, and a clear and earnest speaker. Her radical opinions often make her a storm-centre in a feminine gathering. She is a successful practitioner of medicine, standing high in her profession.

—But little comment was made in the press on the cremation of Du Maurier's remains, and even less when the remains of Professor F. J. Child, who died shortly before the novelist, were reduced to ashes, so favorable is the public disposition now toward that mode of obsequy. In the United States the advocates of cremation are most powerful in and around Boston, and Professor Child was one of many cultivated and prominent persons there who have elected to be thus disposed of after death.

—The marriage of Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell to the Marquis of Meriville will recall the fact that she is one of the few persons, not Catholic sovereigns, on whom the Pope has conferred the golden rose, or its substitute. This signal token of papal favor she received in recognition of her vast benefactions to the Catholic University in Washington. The new marquise is not only a woman of unusually attractive personality, but of great wealth as well, and in the eyes of foreign princes she has long been regarded as a most eligible *partie*.

—Beginnings in golf literature are slow in this country. Some very readable short stories of the game, however, such as the "Absession of Brown," and others, have been written by W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen, of Morristown, who is not only an enthusiastic golfer, but has been known to magazine readers for several years as a clever composer of one-act dramas and as a poet. Mr. Sutphen is slight and dark, and facially enough like Gilbert Parker to be his twin brother. He is an accomplished musician, a good tennis player, and a veteran wheelman.

—Sarah Bernhardt spent the summer in the desolate, abandoned fortress on the Brittany coast, at Belle-Isle, where she passes her annual vacation in wild and romantic solitude. One or two servants and a single companion of her own sex furnish all her society, except for the Paris or London newspaper writer who comes every year by invitation to acquaint the outer world with the actress's solitary existence. This year he was a London *Chronicle* man, and he found Madame Sarah fresh, active, and not a day over twenty-five. She seemed to have an abundance of devices for banishing solitude, for when she was not fishing or paddling about barefooted in the surf or shooting sea-gulls or dipping for crabs she would take a ride on her wheel or drive to the Breton village with her dogs. Sarah's dining-room is the old drill-hall of the garrison that once occupied the fort.

—Such a work as the little *Prescription of Exercise* prepared for Yale students by the associate director of the gymnasium, Dr. W. G. Anderson, is an indication in its way of the advance made of recent years in the methods of teaching physical culture in colleges. It is a brief pamphlet summarizing hints on diet and gymnastic training for special ends, such as the student of former years used to gain by dint of diplomatic questioning from foot-ball trainers or other professional athletes who frequent colleges. Dr. Anderson has had an interesting career in teaching physical culture since the time, twenty years ago, when he first taught himself to "skin the cat" on an extemporized turning pole in his father's back yard. He is about thirty-six years old, and before he went to Yale was in charge of the Brooklyn Adelphi Academy gymnasium and a teacher of gymnastics at Chautauqua. He is well up in both the theory and the practice of athletics.

—The friends of Miss Cynthia M. Westover are greatly gratified at the success of her book, "Bushy," which is in its way unique, being the



MISS CYNTHIA M. WESTOVER.

story of the evolution of a character amid the wild conditions of frontier life. The reader becomes interested in the heroine at the very outset, and the story grows in fascination as it unfolds, revealing more and clearly the strong personality around which it is centred. The book has a wholesome flavor throughout, and is the more enjoyable, perhaps, because it tells the story of a real life, the heroine being a well-known person in New York to-day.



AN OBJECT-LESSON TO THE HESITANT VOTER.

A GLANCE AT THE DISTINGUISHED STATESMEN AND THINKERS WHO ARE GUIDING THE DESTINIES OF POPOCRACY IN NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

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OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—XXII.



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THE END OF THE POPOCRATIC CHICK.

"Slowly Quickening into Lower Forms."

THIS fine line from Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" derives a peculiar significance from an examination of the picture which accompanies this article. This illustration is made from a photograph, taken for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, of a family in the West whose faces and habits have



A FAMILY WITH REPTILIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

assumed a reptilian tinge from long acquaintance and association with rattlesnakes, copperheads, and moccasins. Their eyes are small and deep-set, and those of the little girl in particular have the flickering shiftiness of the bacilian.

It is even said that these brothers to rattle-snakes have acquired the odor of the common, which is very similar to the faint perfume of *vorali*, *curare*, and other deadly animal poisons, and that the arms and legs of the children simulate the "feel" of a snake's back when the hand is passed over it—that dreadful sensation of death imminent, due partly to the weird roughness of the hide and partly to the unusual sequence of patches and splotches which have a distinct form in relief, as well as distinctive color. No one who has ever caressed the skin of even a dead snake can ever forget the terror which the sensation begets.

The writer met a mountaineer in the fastnesses of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, the past summer, who had grown up, so to speak, with snakes and other wood creatures, and who had so far joined their communion that they not only associated with him on the most friendly terms, but he could also call them to his feet from the secret places of the woods.

Thomas Hostetter is his name, and his age absolutely uncertain. He thinks he is about eighty-five years old. The wrinkles on his bronzed face rival in number and intricacy those of Loti's mummy. His eyes are small and deep-set. He lives, or perhaps I should say "has grown," amid the crags and blackberry bushes several miles to the north of Colliers-town, Virginia.

He had never been to any city, and was absolutely unversed in knowledge of any sort but one—that of the life of the deep wood, with its multitudinous silent creatures. Their habits and language were an open book to him, whose well-thumbed pages he had turned so often that he now knew the whole volume by heart.

He had innumerable little packages of snake-rattles stuck into every conceivable receptacle of his clothing. One had twenty-five rattles in it. From all I could gather the "rattlers" had come to regard him without animosity. He had acquired an insight into their reptile tongue, and when he did not see them with his old, worn-out eyes, he just sat down on a log and inarticulately beguiled these "Sinfires" out of the nooks and crannies to his feet.

He had no Hindoo "tum-tum" wherewith to charm his snake-kin, and apparently exerted no influence upon them other than that which close consanguinity always begets. Doubtless they had come to regard him much in the light of a sorely overgrown and distorted brother.

I came across him one dewy morning in the beather and bracken up the valley, seated on a log with a six-foot and a half death-dealer coiled contentedly at his feet. Not until I appeared on the scene did that flickering tongue protrude or those angry eyes glitter. The two seemed to be simply enjoying a quiet wood-talk, as the clawish hand of the man stroked down the diamond patches on Death's shiny back.

dred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the first charter of the college, which drew to the old college town a distinguished throng of scholars, was properly marked by the formal announcement changing the name of the institution from the "College of New Jersey" to the "Princeton University."

The occasion was one of the most brilliant of its kind ever witnessed. Forty American college presidents, representatives from the Canadian colleges and universities, and delegates from nine foreign universities, as well as from the French Academy of Sciences, occupied places on the platform, together with the President of the United States and other high officials. A feature of the occasion was the announcement by President Patton that an endowment of \$1,352,291 had been assured. President Cleveland's address, which had been anticipated with great interest, measured up fully to the dignity and requirements of the occasion. It was a powerful statement of the relation which educated men hold to the public welfare, and at the same time an eloquent and effective presentation of the necessity of national honesty and the maintenance of national good faith. The President evidently had in his mind the assault which the free-silver party is making upon the foundations of the public credit, and he was unsparing in his denunciations of the policies which embody so much of menace to the public interests. The reception of the President was eminently cordial, and the sentiments expressed by him found a hearty response in the minds of all his hearers. We give elsewhere a picture showing him on his way to the college under the escort of the Philadelphia City Troop.

English and American Humor.

THERE is a broad gulf between American and English humor, though I will say that some of our witticisms and stories are bad enough. An Englishman doesn't understand American slang any better than he does our funny stories. I was in the office of Mr. Alfred H. Brown, the naval architect. The gentleman is a typical John Bull, jovial and wholesouled, but obtuse in a great degree when listening to a good story. I was talking with him about the relative merits of English and American yachts. He was inclined to score our yachtsmen heavily, and in the course of conversation I made use of the vulgar but expressive slang: "Do you see any flies on me?" He looked me over from head to foot and said: "No, I don't see any." An Englishman is inclined to take slang literally.

At the same sitting a gentleman told a story of the old Scotchman who thought his son was precocious. He wished to show him off before company, and standing him up so that all might see and hear, he asked: "Twice five, sawney?" "Nine, father," replied the boy. "Good boy, sawney." I thought two of the gentlemen present would have an apoplectic fit from laughter, and I—well, I didn't laugh.

Then I thought I'd tell them a story, and a good one, too, about the Swede who, one cold night, in a little town out in Minnesota, was attracted by the warmth which shone from a

meeting-house where a revival was in progress. He entered and sat down. Shortly after an elder solemnly passed down the aisle, touched the Swede on the arm, and asked: "My friend, don't you want to work for the Master?" The Swede looked up and stolidly replied: "No, I dank not; I yot a goot yob now on Norden Paseflk." A chill fell over the room. The story was what the late Sunset Cox called a "corker," but it was a failure in London. The next day, however, I met one of the gentlemen with a grin on his face. He slapped me on the back and shouted: "By Jove, old chap, that was a good story you told yesterday." It had taken twenty-four hours for it to percolate through his system.

I will say, though, that I did hear one good English story, brimful of humor. Lord Dunraven told it to me. It appears that a sailor had spent a year in the West Indies under a beautiful blue sky and basking in continual sunshine. At last he sailed for home, and, coming up the Mersey into Liverpool, he looked up at the leaden heavens, took off his cap and shouted: "Hooray for hold Hengland! No more of yer bloomink blueskies for me." There's humor in that.

The name of John Pender is known the world over where telegraphs exist. One of the richest men in Birmingham, he has ranked also as a humorist of the first-class, as the following anecdote will testify. The story is true in every particular, because Mr. Pender never denied it. Archibald McDonald and John Pender were fast friends at school, but on reaching man's estate they separated and heard nothing from each other for forty years. One day Archie, while walking along a Birmingham street, saw a little brass sign with the name "John Pender" on it. "I wonder if that's my old schoolmate?" he thought to himself. "I'll go in and see." Sure enough, it was. Pender's greeting was cordial in the extreme, and the two schoolmates sat for hours recounting their lives. Pender had grown rich, while Archie was poorer than Job's turkey. At last Archie rose to go and John grasped his hand: "Archie, I'm glad you called, and I'll be glad to have you drop in any time; and, Archie, if I can do anything to help you don't be at all backward in asking. God bless you, old chum." Archie went home to his poor old wife with hope in his heart, and told her how he had found his old schoolmate and how kind he had been. The old lady said: "Go back, Archie, and ask him to lend you five pounds. It will keep us a year, and before that time something may turn up to better our circumstances." "Of course he will," said Archie, and back he went to Pender's office the next day. The same hand-shaking was gone through with, and then Archie bashfully made his errand known. "Why, old chum," said Pender, heartily, "don't mention it. Five pounds, eh? Oh, I guess we can fix you out all right." Pender then touched a bell and a clerk answered. "Mr. Smith, just see if there are any of those five-pound notes in at present; you know the ones I mean." The clerk retired, but shortly returned with the information that there were no notes in. "That's too bad, Archie," said Pender, turning to his old schoolmate. "I keep five five-pound notes to loan, old chap, but my secretary informs me that they

Princeton University.

At the age of one hundred and fifty years Princeton realizes her ambition and becomes a university. The celebration of the one-hun-



We referred last week to the campaign tour of Generals Sickles, Howard, Alger, Corporal Tanner, and Comrades Marsden and Stewart as one of the most notable features of the present political canvass. These distinguished veterans traveled in a special train, visiting all the principal towns of all the Western States, and were everywhere received with tumultuous and enthusiastic welcomes. Our picture illustrates the scene at Columbus, Indiana, where over ten thousand people gathered to do honor to the visitors. The arrival of the special train was preceded by a parade, which was headed by the McKinley veterans and included large mounted delegations, gayly decorated floats, and vehicles of every sort, making in all a procession of over three miles in length. The American flag and the golden rod were about equally conspicuous in the parade.

RECEPTION OF THE UNION GENERALS AT COLUMBUS, INDIANA—GENERAL ALGER SPEAKING FROM THE FLAT-CAR OF THE TRAIN.—PHOTOGRAPH BY D. OGDEN.

are all out." After that, who can question John Pender's standing as a humorist?

I went to the Liberal Club one evening to dine with friends, and, as the wine went round, jollity became a part of the feast. Two of the officers in the Guards were present and told of some queer school-day experiences. I thought of a story that the late Senator Howe once told me about his colleague, Matt H. Carpenter. The latter was a joker and used to write doggerel rhymes on his slate, show them to the other boys and make them laugh. One day the teacher caught him at it and commanded him to come forward. Young Carpenter did so and was told to make a rhyme, with the teacher as the subject. The poet scratched his head a moment and then gave vent to the following:

"Good Lord of love, look down from above
On this our poor estate,
And pity the fool that teaches school
In District Number Eight."

I told the story, and one of the officers said, with very grave face: "A boy wouldn't dare do that in England; he'd be severely punished." As usual, my story fell flat.

I went to a club to dine with a business acquaintance once, and was taught a lesson in etiquette. Near me sat John Bright, Jr., and because he saw me expectorate on the floor he left his seat and retired from the dining-room. Of course an American doesn't know better than to use the floor as a spittoon, at least I didn't. I acknowledge the corn, but my excuse was a valid one. In my glass of Chambertin was a piece of cork, which I did not notice, and which troubled my breathing machinery. On the point of strangulation I coughed it up and spat it out by the side of my chair. John Bright, Jr., lodged a complaint with the secretary of the club, and my friend received a communication from the president asking for an apology to soothe John Bright, Jr.'s feelings. The apology was made. Later on I was fated to cross the ocean on the *Germanic* with John Bright, Jr., and to sit at the captain's table with him. He blew his nose at the table several times, but as the English ladies who sat near him didn't object I did not think it necessary to demand an apology. There wouldn't have been any humor in that.

F. W. K.

How to Punt in Foot-ball.

(Continued from page 303.)

kicking, the fault, a very common one and hardest to overcome, is throwing the ball out of the hands after the catch, and, by allowing it to fall, before kicking, almost to the ground, a distance, say, of more than two feet, the ball turns over, or to one side, so that the foot cannot meet it squarely and in such position that the longest diameter of the ball is in line with the proper direction down-field.

Now, the only way to guard against an improper dropping of the ball into position is to keep the hands glued to the ball until the foot is well on its way forward and the ball can drop but little before the foot reaches it.

Then, too, by keeping the hands on the ball the kicker may be sure each time of getting the long diameter of the ball pointing at right angles to the rush-line—or, in other words, directly down the field.

In learning to punt, there is a right and a wrong way to practice. The wrong way is that usually adopted and differs altogether from the right, which is this—always make your practice conform in method and action to that which must be employed in a game.

Thus, a player should punt from a passed ball and each time go as swiftly to the left and get the ball away as quickly as he knows he must when an aggressive line of forwards confronts him in a game.

FUNCTION OF THE EYE IN GOLF.

As in kicking a foot-ball, the player, figuratively speaking, glues his eye upon the ball, knowing that such an act is essential to a proper guidance of the foot which is to do violence to the inflated leather, so in golf, the player who would accomplish the most satisfactory results must never forget to locate the ball with his eye, then keep it there religiously until the face of the club actually collides with the little white gutta-percha.

This rule is a cardinal one in golf—indeed it is the most important of all the rules which govern a player's "form" while at play. Yet, many a golfer of experience often neglects to observe the rule carefully. Many a time he will do it in a half-way style—oftentimes he will unconsciously have his eye on the ball, but on account of carelessness a proper concentration of mind will fail to get his eye nicely focused.

The truth of this is to be observed in a base-ball man, who, although his eye is always on the ball as it approaches him, fails to make the catch because, his mind having been a little off the subject, the eye does not judge with exactness, and the ball strikes an inch or so off the right place in the mitt.

It is just the same with the photographer; he may get a fair focus quickly and carelessly, but to make sure of a good picture it is essential that he observe care and time in getting the object upon the ground-glass in the sharpest possible manner. In doing this the photographer makes a certain well-defined mind effort which calls upon the sense of sight for its very best endeavor.

It follows, then, as an attentive mind is necessary to a proper employment of the eye, a player in golf must needs try very hard all the time. And as practice makes perfect, so the practice of trying hard at all times and without exception results in getting the eye to act quickly and with precision; or, in other words, makes the expert golfer.

A majority of golfers, it must be admitted, though, try with much persistency, yet their attentive mind endeavors to cover so many points culled from "the book" or from the advice of a friend or coach, that it fails to perform the all-important function fully.

For this reason a golfer should endeavor to steel himself against trying to do too much, in order to acquire form and best results.

"One thing at a time" would be a good rule to follow, and gradually, yet surely, would form come, unconsciously, but in a way calculated to stay.

In golf, even more than in base-ball, or even foot-ball, one must acquire a constant habit of getting the eye nicely focused upon the ball, because of its very small size and the consequent difficulty of hitting it with exactness. In base-ball a player might make the catch with his fingers, and in foot-ball the foot might land squarely, even though the eye had wandered. But in golf a two-hundred-yard drive is not obtainable from hitting the ball on its top or its side, or the ground directly back of it. Good results are only obtained by hitting the ball squarely.

W. F. Bull

Obliterating Sectional Lines.

In electing Captain Robert J. Lowry, of Atlanta, as its president the American Bankers' Association went farther South than ever before for a presiding officer.

The incident may be regarded as significant of the influence of the present cheap-money agitation in bringing together the business men and financiers of the two heretofore opposing sections. Most of the many millions represented in this organization of bankers are located in New York, but they have chosen as their official head the president of a relatively small Georgia institution. Captain Lowry is, of course, a sound-money man. He is one of the men who have made modern Atlanta the South's foremost city. He went there in 1861 from East Tennessee, and has been ever since connected with banking. He has ever since been prominent in Southern financial circles. He has served as a member of the city council, is largely interested in the Consolidated Street Railway system, founded the Atlanta Home Insurance Company, and is now one of the receivers of a portion of the Central railway system. He has been a director and leading spirit in both of Atlanta's cotton expositions.



CAPTAIN ROBERT J. LOWRY.

A Fine Ferry-boat.

THERE was launched in Philadelphia, on the 17th ultimo, from the yards of the Cramp Co., what is designed to be the largest, finest, and fastest boat employed in ferry service in New York harbor.

The *Pittsburg* and a sister ship, also under construction in Philadelphia, aside from their unusual size, present no material difference in outward appearance from the present boats, except in the presence of two smoke-stacks. The interior and exterior decorations are very artistic, and were designed by well-known architects. The arrangement of windows in the lower cabin (shown by our illustration) is different from that usually employed. The effect of narrowness produced by the great length of the cabin is relieved by columns at the centre, which are an attractive feature in themselves. Among many changes from the construction of previous boats, the following are notable: Two shaft bearings are provided at each end of the boat for twin screws. The boats will be propelled by four screws each, instead of two. Water-tube boilers carrying two hundred pounds steam

pressure will be used instead of shell boilers carrying one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Three cylinder fore-and-aft compound engines will be used in place of tandem engines used on the other boats. The new craft will have fifty per cent. more speed than any other boat of their character, fifteen knots per hour being the stipulation. Passengers can walk from the same level as the train floor on to the second deck of the boat. The boats measure two hundred and six feet in length by sixty-five feet in breadth of beam. They will run on the new ferry between Jersey City and Twenty-third Street, New York.

FOUR PLAYERS

THE success of "Brian Boru," at the Broadway Theatre, is well deserved. I have not seen for some time a work that has pleased me so much. In these decadent days, when we find the stage prostituted to such base uses, when we see puerile and rubbishy pieces put forward as the best our authors and composers can offer, it is refreshing and hopeful to come across a work like "Brian Boru," which has all the flavor of earnestness and sincerity of purpose, shows all the signs of adherence to high standards, and strives to elevate its auditors instead of forcing itself down to the alleged low public taste.

The music of Mr. Julian Edwards was never noted either for its vigor or its originality. His compositions, as a rule, have been graceful and pleasing, albeit reminiscent, but entirely lacking the impress of genius. In "Brian Boru" he has attempted little, if any, original composition, but has wisely confined himself instead to stringing together the prettiest of the old Irish melodies, such as "St. Patrick's Day," "The Minstrel Boy," "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," etc., into a kind of musical crazy-quilt. These airs he has used with fine effect, notably in the second act, as the basis of a quartette. This opera will recall Mr. Edwards most kindly to lovers of light opera.

The book by Stanislaus Stange is also excellent. It is remarkably free from "gags," and is well and brightly written. A few anachronisms, introduced, possibly, to raise a laugh, as, for instance, when Pat O'Hara asks the king's herald, "What's your circulation?" are the only defects in an otherwise capital book.

The story is interesting, and will undoubtedly stir the blood of every patriotic Irishman. It is laid at the end of the tenth century, when Brian, having overcome all opposing Irish factions, is about to be crowned "Over-king" of all Ireland. While he is on his way to Dublin an unexpected invasion of Ireland is made by the Britons, headed by *Elfrida*, the famous British princess. Brian hastens to give them battle, but falls victim to the charms of *Elfrida*. News now arrives that the British are receiving re-enforcements, which angers Brian. Despite the entreaties of *Elfrida*, he declares that before the morrow the English must evacuate the territory.

The second act is laid in the great hall of old Dublin Castle, where the English are celebrating their anticipated victory over Brian. Brian arrives, and by the intrigues of *Elfrida* falls into a trap and is placed in a dungeon. He finally escapes, rejoins his army, and is crowned king of Ireland.

The company organized by Manager F. C. Whitney to interpret this charming work is competent in every particular. Miss Amanda Fabris, a well-known grand-opera singer, takes the part of the princess, *Elfrida*, and Miss Grace Golden, an attractive brunette with a fine and well-trained soprano voice, is seen as an Irish peasant girl. The solos of both singers were warmly encored. Max Eugene sings well as Brian, and those clever comedians, Richard F. Carroll and John S. Slavin, are very humorous in comedy parts. Amelia Summerville contributes an amusing bit as the giant's baby. The ballet is very graceful and effective, and the costumes are magnificent.



MR. AUGUSTE VAN BIENE.

Auguste van Biene, the actor-musician whom T. Henry French has engaged to come to this country, will open his engagement at the American Theatre, this city, on November 9th. Mr. van Biene has been known in foreign musical circles for years as a remarkable cellist. Later, he conceived the idea of combining his cello-playing with acting, and he produced "The Broken Melody," a piece affording him this opportunity and which ran for nearly

four years. It is in this piece that he will be seen at the American.

Miss Virginia Harned is pictured here as she appears with Mr. Sothern in "An Enemy to the King," which



MISS VIRGINIA HARNED.

has been, and is still, having a most prosperous run at the Lyceum. Miss Harned will be remembered as one of the most successful of last season's *Trilbys*, but the work she did as Du Maurier's heroine was not nearly as good as that she did in Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Dancing Girl," in which she enacted the title rôle. In that part she displayed emotional power of no mean order.

The season of Italian opera, under the direction of Colonel J. H. Mapleson, opened at the Academy of Music on Monday evening of last week with Verdi's "Aida." A criticism of the performance will appear in this department next week. Of all the names in Colonel Mapleson's long list of artists, only two are familiar to the American public—Signora Sofia Scalchi and Signor de Anna. The others have all been collected from the important theatres of southern Europe, and are said to have reputations abroad. Enterprising as this artistic venture of Colonel Mapleson's is, and worthy as it probably is to receive the support of the music-loving public, it remains to be seen if there is room in a comparatively small city like New York for three important opera companies. Also, was not the choice of the Academy of Music an unfortunate one? To be sure, there was no other theatre of its size available, but will society—which, in our country, is the main prop of grand opera—be willing to go down town to the wilderness of Fourteenth Street and display its diamonds and semi-nudity in a building desecrated by cheap melodrama? I doubt the financial success of the venture for these reasons. Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," which was first produced at La Scala, Milan, last April, will be the chief novelty of the season, which will last four weeks.

ARTHUR HORNBLow.

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, are sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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ACT I.—BRIAN'S DEFIANCE.



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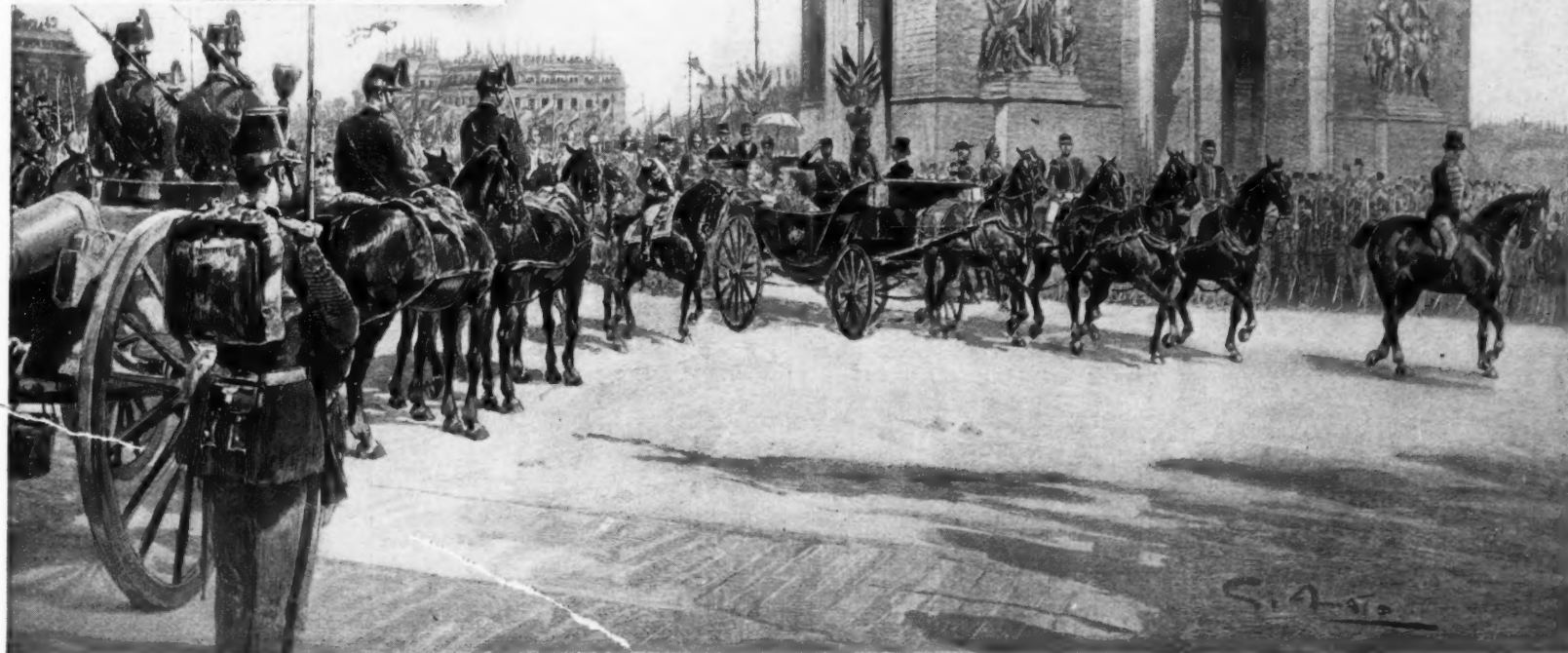
ACT II.—BRIAN BORU 'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

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Photographs by Byron.



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Le Monde Illustré



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SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY
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office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York,
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Monday, the 9th Day of November, 1896,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

when they will be publicly opened in the presence
of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, or
such of them as shall attend, as provided by law,
for the whole or a part of the following-described
Coupon or Registered Bonds and Stock of the
City of New York, bearing interest at three and
one-half per cent. per annum, to wit:

\$400,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR
CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE
OVER THE HARLEM RIVER
AT THIRD AVENUE. Principal
payable November 1st, 1917. In-
terest payable May 1st and No-
vember 1st.
EXEMPT FROM TAXATION
by the City and County of New
York.

1,925,141.37 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, KNOWN
AS "SCHOOLHOUSE BONDS."
Principal payable November 1st,
1915. Interest payable May 1st
and November 1st.
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102,849.33 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE
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158,600.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR NEW
GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS
FOR THE COLLEGE OF THE
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85,000.00 CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR
AWARDS, COSTS, CHARGES,
AND EXPENSES CERTIFIED
BY THE CHANGE OF GRADE
DAMAGE COMMISSION. Prin-
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CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR
REPAVING STREETS AND
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CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW
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PARKS, PARK-WAYS, AND
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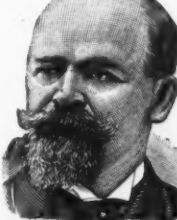
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25¢ Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs sent for 6 CENTS.
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HOW TO PUNT IN FOOT-BALL.

(Copyright, 1896, by W. T. Bull.)

WHEN the value of a well-directed punt is considered, as also the many times this style of kick may be employed in a game to advantage, it is passing strange at first glance that the punt has developed so slowly and to such small extent among our players in the college world.

When, however, the fact is exploited that the foot-ball season is a short one, a matter of only eight weeks or so, and the leading tendency of foot-ball captains and coaches is now, as ever, to drum away at a rushing game, letting kicking practice take care of itself, we see a very good reason for this small appreciation.

The writer recalls with little difficulty how it was when he was in the game at college. Briefly, the practice each day would consist of rushing, sprinkled here and there with a kick. This would continue all season. Then the final and all-important struggle would be engaged in, and the carefully prepared rushing plays would fail dismally, and, in consequence, a kick had to be resorted to at regular and frequent intervals up to the call of time. The following year would witness a repetition, and so on from year to year to the present day, though to a lessening extent.

The very fact, however, that the evil has lessened yearly is an indication that sooner or later the punt will receive proper attention, many kickers of merit will spring up in different localities, and not one, but several star performers will result.

Yet, while this year there are quite a few more kickers of merit than two years or so ago, the list compiled in a most generous way might be enumerated upon the fingers of the two hands. Even then, the last four of the eight should not properly be classed as extra good men.

In consideration, then, of these brief preliminary remarks, it seems a very proper time, now, to take the punt as a subject for a thorough dissection, showing just what it is and how best it may be acquired.

The pictures which illustrate this article were taken specially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, by Hemment, and it is believed that they are unique in several ways.

Each picture was taken when the kicker was making a kick from a pass, the kicker making it a point each time to perform each evolution with the quickness with which each must be done in a game.

It is further believed that the different positions are good ones to imitate. None show the kicker in a poor or cramped position, from which the best results could not manifestly be obtained. On the contrary, all show power, and power well poised.

These different positions go to make up a whole which was acquired by eight years and more of practice, and the method of the kick has been taught to many Yale men, who in turn have taught others. The method has received an unequivocal approval.

To begin with, a punt is a kick made by striking the ball with the foot after dropping it from the hands and before it reaches the ground. This style of kick is generally employed at times when the chances of making a gain by rushing are very small. It is also used by choice after a "fair catch," a "touchback," or a "touchdown."

Under ordinary circumstances a punt of forty yards, well placed and quickly kicked, is all that can reasonably be demanded of the kicking full-back when on a third down a kick is apparently the only good play.

A kicking full-back, being placed in such instance in a position of great trust, it is evident that he must, without fail—and with the exception of a very poor or slow pass or weak blocking—execute the kick exactly as expected.

This play, however, is by no means a simple

one. Properly executed, the kicker must possess a proficiency which, by perfect confidence in his ability, enables him to succeed at all times when called upon.

The question, then, is, how are proficiency and confidence to be attained? Confidence must be the first sought, and upon confidence proficiency bases its chief hope

of success. How, then, is confidence acquired? In these ways: First, by constant, enthusiastic, and intelligent practice, daily. Thus we see perfection aimed at, and as it comes along slowly, or as the pupil develops, confidence is born and strengthened. Second, by a ready belief in the methods which the coach advocates as practical and which were found to be such by long experience. Thus a willing spirit is the object sought, as properly essential to strengthening confidence. Third, by observing great care. In this case, care means progress, and progress, confidence.

Fourth, by understanding that success is not soon acquired, but that any one can learn who really wants to devote a lot of time to the mastery of first principles. In this latter case confidence is born of the pupil's freedom from feeling disappointed because of a slowness to learn.

Finally, the novice having become expert, he takes his position, when called upon for a kick, with great alacrity and determination, and eagerly thankful for the chance to demonstrate his powers. The thought of failure does not enter his head. The like enters the head only of him who, possessing a weak mind, usually fails.

Once confidence is established, then the goal of proficiency is within kicking distance. Now, in acquiring proficiency the novice must, first of all, get a thorough grounding in first principles.

He must know just how the kick is accomplished, appreciate the value of all its different movements in their order, and be able to do them. This is acquiring form.

Now, in Figure I. a way of catching the ball on pass from the quarter is shown. The advantage claimed is that, the hands being on either end, perfect command over the ball is obtained, and it may be placed in any position by a movement of the arms alone, the hands remaining firmly on the ball the while. This is certainly an advantage when it is known that many fumbles as well as loss of time occur, as a rule, where a player, after catching the ball, rolls or fixes it in his

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PENNSYLVANIA'S PECULIAR FORMATION OF ENDS AND BACKS IN "ATTACK."

hands before kicking. It is not, however, an easy matter to catch the ball on either end. Only a great deal of practice, combined with the handling of the ball at the right time, that is, when it is very near the body, will bring success. The writer's experience is that a high pass, right for the chest, the ball being allowed to strike it, then the hands may get the ends nicely nine out of ten times.

In case the pass, however, goes high, as in Figure II., then the sides only may in most cases be seized. In such instance, however, the hands should not move, once they grasp the ball.

Figure III. shows the hands just as they were in Figure II. The arms alone have done work. And in Figures IV. and V., though the position of the body and arms has changed, the hands have remained firm.

So right here we find a first principle in punting. Another is: From the moment the ball leaves the ground at snapback until the instep of the foot collides with its under surface the eyes should, with cat-like vigilance, follow its every movement.

Dissecting the punt now into its principal parts, we have: First, the catch, Figures I., II., and III.; second, short step of the left foot sharp off to the left, Figure IV.; third, longer step of right foot, Figure V.; fourth, removing the hands from ball and starting left or kicking foot forward, Figure VI.; fifth, landing the instep on under surface of ball, Figure VII.; sixth, swing of foot after impact, Figure VIII.

At first these several movements must be taken slowly and haltingly. The expert runs the one into the other with such an easy, gliding motion that the six are welded into one. It is the same in rowing—the expert rows with that form or smoothness which defies one to pick out the dividing lines between different parts of the stroke. In Figure IV. the body is bent

well forward. This is done with the idea of getting the ball at the proper distance from the body without having to throw the ball from the hands. Also, to provide for a greater swing back of the body, thus getting weight in the kick as well as leg-power.

Once Figure V. is reached, the hands are pulled apart—accordion-like—and the foot is started on its flight from a position back of and waist-high of the player, and with a steady swing, never snappy or jerky. In Figure VI. the foot is traveling at lightning speed, the idea being paramount to catch the ball before it can drop but a very little way.

In this picture the straight kicking leg is a detail worth noting.

In Figure VII. the ball is shown just as the foot strikes it, while in Figure VIII. the position shows how the foot was thrown (figuratively) after the ball, thus getting in every ounce of power possible.

Had the leg movement, on the other hand, been jerky, this following on of the foot past the place at which the ball was kicked would not have resulted.

In the "kick-off" from centre-field this same principle holds; and it is very noticeable that the player who runs at the ball and lets his whole weight, foot and leg, go after it, covers a much greater distance than the one who stops as he reaches the ball, then swings his leg forward with a jerk-back motion at the end.

Now the advantages of this style of punting are many, and, combining as they do quickness in getting the ball away and in such a position that a "block" is seldom experienced, are well worth careful attention and study.

It is really surprising how quickly a player may punt, once he has mastered the different parts of the kick and is able to run one movement into another with the quickness of thought and the smoothness of finished form.

Indeed, it may be said that the expert gets his foot on the ball within such a small fraction of a second that he kicks instantaneously.

Then, as for the ball being blocked. The sharp two steps to the left and parallel with the line of forwards disconcerts the intending blockers completely, and as the ball sails majestically away they rush over the spot just vacated.

Then, too, in taking this sharp glide to one side, the kicker gets a position directly back of the left half-back, and an opposing right tackle or half would necessarily have to make a detour in order to reach the kicker.

In the experience of the writer in teaching

(Continued on page 299.)



FIG. I.



FIG. II.



FIG. III.

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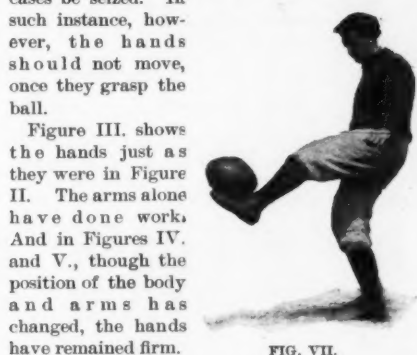


FIG. IV.




FIG. V.



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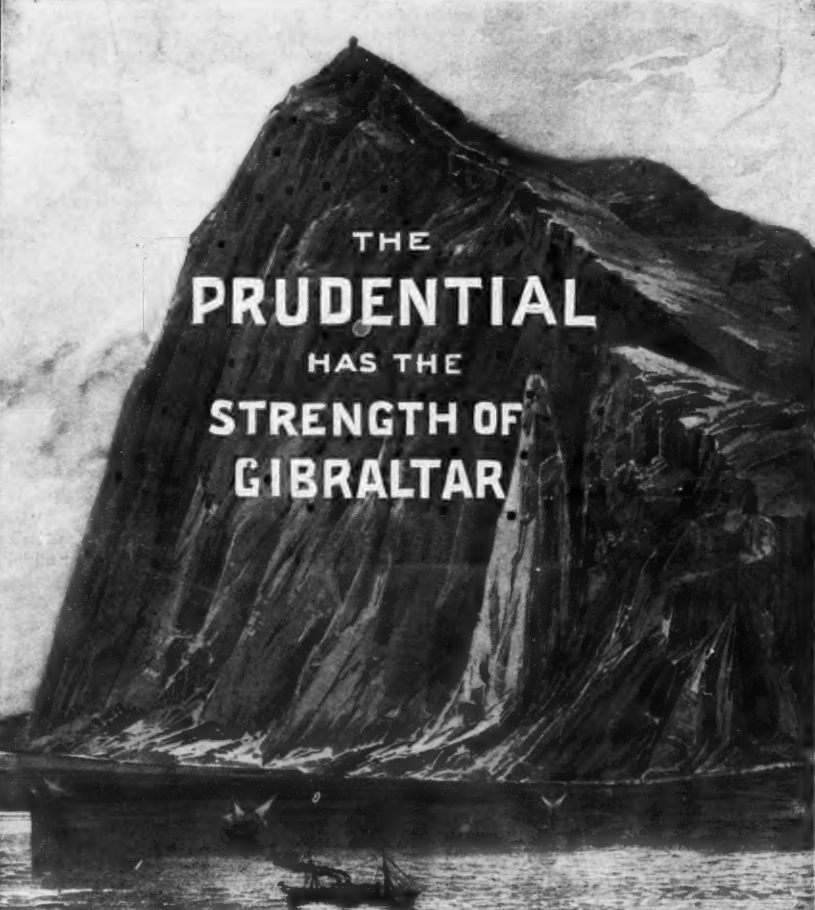
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